



HOW TO SEE EUROPE FOR ONLY \$300 A DAY: NO. 3

When all of you go to Europe during your summer vacation, you will certainly want to visit Spain, where the tall corn grows.

The first thing you will notice upon entering Spain is the absence of sibilants. In Spain "s" is pronounced "th" and thereby hangs a tale. Until the reign of Philip IV—or Guy Fawkes, as he was sometimes called—Spaniards said "s" just like everybody else. Philip IV, however, lapsed, and Spaniards, having an ingrained sense of propriety and not wishing to embarrass their monarch, decided that everybody should lip. This did indeed put Philip IV very much at his ease, but in the end it turned out to be a very bad thing for Spain. It wrecked the sausage industry—Spain's principal source of revenue—and reduced the nation to a second-class power.

As a result, Spaniards were all forced to turn to bull fighting in order to keep body and soul together. Today, wherever you go in Spain—in Madrid, in Barcelona, in Toledo, in Cleveland—you will see bulls being fought. For many years the bulls have sought to arbitrate this long-standing dispute, but the Spaniards, a proud people who use nothing but Castile soap, have rejected all overtures.

It is therefore necessary for me to explain bull fighting to anyone who is going to Spain. It is also necessary for me to say a few words about Marlboro Cigarettes because they pay me for writing this column, and they are inclined to pout if I ignore their product. In truth, it is no chore for me to sing the praises of Marlboro Cigarettes, for I am one who fairly swoons with delight when I come upon a cigarette which gives you the full, rich taste of good tobaccos plus the pure white Selectate filter, and Marlboro is the only smoke I have found that fulfills both requirements. Oh, what a piece of work is Marlboro! The flavor reaches you

without stint or diminution. You, even as I, will find these statements to be happily true when once you light a Marlboro. Marlboros come to you in soft pack or Flip-Top box, and are made only by the makers of Marlboro.

But I digress. Let us return to bull fighting. Bulls are by nature bellicose creatures who will keep fighting till the cows come home. Then they like to put on pipe and slippers and listen to the "Farm and Home Hour." However, the Spaniards will not allow the bulls any succor. They keep attacking the bull and making veronics—a corn meal pancake filled with ground meat. Bulls, being vegetarians, reject the veronics and then, believe you me, the fat starts to fly!

To be perfectly honest, many Spaniards



have grown weary of this incessant struggle and have left their homeland. Columbus, for example, took off in three little ships—the Patti, the Maxene, and the Laverne—and discovered Ohio. Magellan later discovered Columbus. Balboa also sailed to the New World, but he was silent on a peak in Darien, so it is difficult to know what he discovered.

Well sir, I guess that's all you need to know about Spain. So now, as the setting sun casts its rosy fingers over El Greco, let us take our reluctant leave of Spain—or Perfidious Albion, as it is jocularly called. Aloha, Spain or Perfidious Albion, aloha!

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Let us not, however, take our leave of smoking pleasure. Let us keep enjoying those fine Marlboro Cigarettes—rich, golden tobacco—pure white Selectate filter—soft pack or Flip-Top box—available in all fifty States of the Union.

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